

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Topics of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

An Exciting Scene on the Townsend Road—Stony Indians Exterminating Game—Alder Gulch Sluice Box Robbers.

The Security bank of Great Falls has been organized with a capital of \$50,000. Counterfeit silver dollars are being circulated freely among Washington interior towns.

The city council of Ellensburg, Wash., is advertising for proposals to sink an artesian well, in hopes that the drill will penetrate a coal bed.

Miles City has a preacher that delights in horse racing. The straight-faced brethren of his church are considerably worked up over their pastor's sinful inclinations.

A large petition has been sent to Washington from Red Lodge with over 200 signatures for an increase of mail service from that point to Metecet, Wyoming. The petitioners pray that the service may be increased from a semi-weekly to a tri-weekly.

Mr. Robbins of Deer Lodge thinks it was Indians who killed his son-in-law, W. H. Edwards, and says that is the opinion of the people around Grantsdale. There is absolutely nothing to warrant that belief. Sheriff Houston has a clue which may lead to the detection of the murderer.—*Missoula Gazette*.

A devil fish measuring six feet in length was captured Monday in Bellingham channel by H. D. Allison of Seattle, and is now on exhibition at this office. This queer looking denizen of the deep is said to be an unusually large one for these waters, and one of the largest ever caught on Puget Sound. The fish has eight tentacles, each from three to four feet in length, and when spread out ready for battle, with its head it looks as near like his satanic majesty as could be imagined.—*Anacortes American*.

Saturday afternoon John Winters, while digging a well at Walla Walla, called to the men above him to hoist him up. When he had nearly reached the surface the surface the rope broke and the man and bucket dropped to the bottom of the well, a distance of 100 feet. After the fall the men at the surface could hear the moans of Winters, but it was two hours before a long enough rope could be procured. A man was sent down the well and Winters brought to the surface. He was brought to the city this evening. Physicians made an examination and found he had sustained a compound fracture of both legs, three ribs on the left side were broken, his head and body bruised, and it is feared he is internally injured. The man's condition is precarious.

Lieut. Ahern brings the report that the Stony Indians, who were driven out of this part of the valley are now in the vicinity of the Swift Current, on this side of the range, and are completely exterminating all game. There are about ten lodges of them. They scatter along the various forks of the river, one or two bucks going on each side of each fork and thoroughly hunting the territory, making a grand round up at the mouth of the river. These Indians belong 150 miles north of the British line, and have no right to cross the line onto our side and maliciously trespass our laws. The lieutenant says that in one week's time there will be no game whatever in that part of the country.—*Demersville Inter Lake*.

There was an exciting scene on the Townsend road, just beyond the range, Friday, says the White Sulphur Springs *Husbandman*. A timber fire got started, and when the coach arrived on the scene the flames were leaping like red-tongued demons far above the dense pine forest, while billows of smoke, black as Egyptian darkness, rolled heavenward and the roar of the fire sweeping through the boughs on a heavy gale was something terrific. Already fire had leaped across the road and the heat was so intense the passengers had to go about, crossing the creek and going around the fire, while the driver plied the silk and raced through the fiery gauntlet. He had a hot ride and his face was somewhat burned, but he got his cargo through without its taking fire. It was a wild scene to behold and some of the passengers were very much frightened.

The two Indian boys, Joe and Jim, who escaped from the jail at Demersville during the absence of the guard, have been recaptured. The *Inter Lake* says several members of the Chippewa tribe, to which the embryo desperadoes belong, went to Deputy Sheriff Grant and asked that they be rearrested and punishment for their offense given them. They were afraid that the whites would think that the older members of that tribe encouraged them in their evil doing, and that the consequences would be visited on the whole tribe. They say that these boys are thoroughly bad and steal from them as well as the whites. Deputy Sheriff Grant went to their camp and arrested the Indians and brought them before Judge Shepherd on Tuesday, who ordered Grant to take them to Missoula and lodge them in jail to await the action of the grand jury.

On Thursday morning of last week, when some of the men in the employ of Hall & Rossiter, in their placer mines at Summit, went down to the claim to begin work for the day, they discovered that some one had during the previous night cleaned up and robbed three of the flume boxes. W. H. Hall, who is in charge of the mines, was immediately notified of the robbery, and, in a few moments was upon the ground. A careful investigation of the surroundings, and the manner in which the job had been performed, showed plainly that it had been done by adept hands, and that the party or parties who did it were perfectly familiar with the minutest details of the working of the claim during the season. During the preceding week or ten days three new boxes had been added at the head of the flume. These three boxes were left undisturbed by the thieves and the three immediately below completely cleaned up. What amount of gold they obtained is not known, but it is estimated at from \$2,500 to 2,600. Up to this time no clue to the perpetrators has been discovered, but it does not seem hardly possible that they can so effectually cover up their tracks as

to elude discovery. One thing is very evident; that is, there are, at least, one or two dishonest men in Alder gulch, and that it is their identity is not discovered they will continue to be a constant menace to the miners and flume-owners from one end of the stream to the other. Every honest man in the gulch should constitute himself a committee of one to try and find out who the guilty ones are, for until they are known no one can be entirely exempt from suspicion.—*Virginia City Madissonian*.

But there is no denying the fact that the Indian population in South Dakota is fast dying off. Those who visit the Cheyenne agency frequently bring back the information that consumption and lung and throat troubles are thinning them out, and that among them are few who have not contracted disease of some kind. Even the children born to full bloods are not healthy and robust. There can be no doubt about the demoralized condition of these people in every way, notwithstanding the fostering care bestowed on them by the government, and it will be but a few years before the Indians as a race will have disappeared from South Dakota. The severe winters and the efforts to have the Indians change their mode of living are responsible for this. The government may give an Indian a good suit of clothes and he will wear them to town on a cold day, and the chances are that he will trade them off for half value, returning to the reservation with only a breech cloth. The next heard of this Indian he has the consumption.

Cougar, or mountain lion, are known to be very bold and cheeky when driven desperate by hunger or other causes. If a story told by a workman employed on the Indian school building, above the agency, be true, it certainly shows that these members of the feline tribe are possessed of more nerve than a Chicago drummer, says the *East Oregonian*. Tim Flannigan tells the tale, which is supported by a number of his fellow-workmen, and stoutly affirms its truth. If Tim had a vivid imagination, it might have converted a prowling coyote into a huge cougar, but he is not imaginative nor excitable, and tells a very straight story, which is here given, barring the brogue: "Our camp and the buildings are about two hundred and fifty yards apart. Friday night about 9 o'clock I had gone to the buildings after water, and on my return was jogging along about midway between the buildings and camp when I met the cougar, a monster brute, which glided from a tree. Of course I was somewhat frightened—no one would dream of meeting a mountain lion at such a place—but quickly recovered my presence of mind, picked up a rock and flung it at the animal. I did not hit him, but he went around me, bringing up in my rear. I then started for camp, with my head turned sideways, so I could watch him. He followed me, but evoked not muster up the courage to spring. That night, shortly after myself and bed-fellow, Ed Peters, turned in, the animal peered in at the open door. Ed quickly jumped up and closed it, and we were bunched up no more. Next morning we found the tracks of the cougar, which evidently came down from the mountains, seeking what it might devour. We think he is yet around camp, and have supplied ourselves with guns and ammunition, so as to give him a warm reception if he calls."

They Fought It Out.
From the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.
I saw the other day an example of genuine reasoning and bitter resentment exhibited by a spider. In one corner of my yard, protected by an overhanging cornice and porch, there are several spider webs, and in particular two, one directly above the other at a distance of six inches, and each tenanted by a large spider. I was seated in a chair in the shade on Sunday afternoon, when I noticed them, and picked up a bit of chip and tossed it into the upper web to see what the spider would do. He ran out and examined the chip, but, quickly deciding it was of no earthly use to a spider, set about getting rid of it. He was very methodical and went regularly round the chip, cutting the threads on every side, until the chip finally hung by one strand, which he severed, and it dropped into the web of the spider who was keeping house on the lower story. Out came the latter, thinking he had caught something, but when he found the chip his rage seemed unbounded. It evidently wasn't the first time his upper story neighbor had dumped his refuse into the lower web, and he was determined to send it to the bottom. He went up the ropes like an athlete, leaving the chip where it fell, and in an instant was in the upper web and engaged in a deadly combat with its occupant. They had a terrible fight, and rolled over and over each other, biting and bugging with the utmost ferocity. At last in their tumbling they fell through the hole where the chip had been cut out and down into the lower web, which seemed to frighten the upper spider, who was a little the larger, and after a few tumbles he got loose and escaped up a rope to his own quarters, minus the whole of one leg and the half of another. The lower spider climbed half way up in pursuit, then stopped and seemed to reflect. He waited a moment, then concluded he, too, had enough, so he went back and cleared out the chip and mended his web. I dropped two or three bits of straw into the upper web, but the big spider paid no attention. The other had given him a lesson; had, in spider language, put up a sign: "No Dumping, under Penalty of the Law," and he was not slow to take a hint.

Statistics of Finger Nails.
From the St. Louis Republic.
A man of figures at Saginaw has calculated that the average person trims off a thirty-second of an inch of nail from each finger every week, or three inches a year. The average of human life the world over is 40 years. Ten feet of finger nail for each finger—a round 200 feet from the 20 fingers and toes. There are 1,300,000,000 people in this world, and altogether they waste on an average 300,000,000 feet, or 56,818.15 miles of finger nails in a generation—sufficient to reach around the earth, and still leave 10,000 miles to do our scratching with.

Beware of the Sponge.
From the Chicago Herald.
Some barbers never learn anything. It has been shown that the barber shop sponge is one of the best things in the world for carrying infection. The use of them is a filthy practice. No intelligent barber will use one, and no man with any respect for his face or his health will allow a barber to use one on his face. It is impossible to keep sponges clean in a barber shop or anywhere else unless they are boiled and disinfected every time they are used.

The Value of a Silver Dollar.
Senator Jones of Nevada was twitted by Senator McPherson of New Jersey, in the course of his silver speech with the fact that the silver dollars were worth only 72 cents. Of course it "reminded him of a little story."
"I recollect," said he, "talking on the subject once with some senators in the cloak room. During the conversation, one of the senators brought me a telegram, on which he said the telegraph messenger had told him there was 50 cents due. I gave the page a silver dollar and said to him:
"I have been informed by some very respectable and intellectual gentlemen in here, some of them candidates for the presidency even that this dollar is worth only 75 cents. I do not want to cheat this little boy. Take this out, and if the boy thinks it is worth only 75 cents he can send me back 25 cents, and if it is worth a dollar he can send me back 50 cents."
The page brought back 50 cents and said the telegraph boy told him he did not know what those old 'duffers' in there meant, but it was good a dollar as he wanted and was very hard to get."

A JOKE ON A SENATOR

How Mansur of Missouri Was Made Miserable.

He Was Kept Up All Night to Satisfy the Craving for Fun of a Few Practical Jokers—A Missouri Compromise.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* relates that a few days ago Mansur of Missouri, and Enloe of Tennessee, went down to Old Point Comfort for a breath of fresh air. Enloe has been engaged for several months on the work of reforming the Friday night sessions, which are devoted to private pension bills. When it was discovered he had left town the members with private pension bills entered into a conspiracy. Friday night sessions last only two hours and 30 minutes. In that time, on the night of Enloe's absence, 150 bills were passed, since the reformer's return he has been grieved unmercifully. But it never occurred to anybody to work Mansur into the plot until a couple of nights ago. The Missouri has quarters at the Congressional hotel, where half a dozen statesmen can be found at any hour of the day or night. Mansur had gone to bed seasonably. But Lehlbach of New Jersey, Quinn and Covert of New York, were still up. A newspaper man came along on his way home. Somebody suggested the idea. All fell into the plot straightway. With considerable trouble a telegraph blank such as messages are delivered upon, was obtained. An operator was persuaded to fill out the little spaces at the top with the usual cabalistic rigamarole. Then the following was written out as a message, purporting to come from his managing editor to the newspaper man:

"What is there in the story that Mansur was bribed by the republicans to take Enloe out of town so that they could rush through 150 pension bills? It is creating a big scandal in his district and is likely to cause his defeat."
With a business-like air, message in hand, the newspaper man went up to Mansur's bed room. The three congressmen tiptoed around and got positions where they could hear. Mansur was in his night shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, rather short and ripped up one side half way to the armpit. He turned up the gas, read the message over twice and anxiously asked:

"What does this mean?"
"This is what I want to know," said the newspaper man. "You are the one to furnish the explanation."
Colonel Mansur rubbed his head and began to tell all about his trip with Enloe. But the more the Missourian told, the worse the newspaper man thought it. The other congressmen dropped in one at a time, offering various pretexts for their presence. They all took gloomy views of the situation, and looked solemn when the trouble was explained to them. It never occurred to Mansur that this was a put-up job. He tramped the floor, swinging his arms, perspiring terribly and talking volubly. One time he was for vengeance at the pistol's muzzle on whoever had started the base calumny. Then he entered into the most circumstantial explanation of his relation with Enloe on the trip. He said:

"Enloe himself suggested that we go down to the seashore. I agreed. When I felt in my pocket I had only 15 cents. I went out and drew \$50. When Enloe got on the boat he found he had only \$25. He wanted some more, and I let him have \$10. After we got back he came to me and handed me \$9.50. 'There,' he says, 'that makes us even. You remember I paid 50 cents for your breakfast when we were down at the shore.'"

At this unconsoling tribute of Mansur's to the Tennessee reformer's thrifty memory the New Yorker nearly exploded. With great effort seriousness was restored. Various desperate expedients to get the Missourian out of the hole were discussed. It was finally agreed that nothing short of a collection of affidavits from Mansur, Enloe and all other cognizant of the circumstances would meet the case. The visitors withdrew at 1 a. m. and went down stairs. As they sat about a round table they could hear Mansur tramping the floor in his bare feet, and in their imagination they saw the short night-shirt flapping and the beads of perspiration rolling down their victims' foreheads. In a little while the conspirators sent the porter up stairs to tell Mansur that a telephone message had just come from the Washington *Post* asking if he had any reply to make to the statement that he had been bribed by republicans to take Enloe out of town.

"Oh, my Lord!" was what the conspirators heard Mansur exclaim with a groan. They heard him muttering and throwing things about as he got ready to go down town and see the *Post* people. This seemed a good place to interfere, and the party went upstairs again to counsel Mansur to stop still. They urged that the gravity of the case demanded a close mouth until the affidavits were ready. Mansur yielded to the advice and resumed his elephantine march across the floor.

About 2 a. m. Lehlbach, who was the softest-hearted man in the party, insisted that it was time to stop. He made a joke further. The congressman and the newspaper man went up stairs for the fourth time, and the mansur let them in. Gradually the truth was disclosed. The Missourian ought to have thrown his boots at the heads of his tormentors, but he did not. He just stopped treading on the floor, flopped down on the bed and breathed a deep sigh of relief. After the laugh was over the big fellow actually offered to spend Enloe's \$9.50 on wine, but Lehlbach said:

"No. We will let you off on a Missouri compromise."
"What is that?" asked Mansur.
"A bottle of whiskey," said Quinn.
And so the night ended.

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The idea of a village that is given largely to the industry of breeding cats being known as New Harmony furnishes additional proof of the non-applicability of some American names to towns.

Twenty miles from Evansville, Ind., lies this cat-manufacturing hamlet, which is becoming known far and near as the place where one can at any time get the latest thing in Angora cats and the latest quotations.

The way of the village and its history is as follows: In 1840 a Mme. Bernstein, a noted vocalist, gave an Angora kitten to a hotelkeeper. As the aristocratic little feline grew to manhood it had a difficult row to hoe. Its enormous size and bushy tail furnished a fine target for the ubiquitous small boy; but despite its persecutors this cat grew, and finally died at the age of 16 years, after a life of unremitting sentimentality. Could this Thomas the first arise from his honored grave to-day he could point with pride to a progeny so numerous that its members can be found in every state in the union.

The mixing of the Angora characteristics with those of the mongrel cat has produced a superior sort of animal, whose distinguished tendency is an indiscriminate love of music. Quantity not quality is the foundation upon which the Angora's musical taste is based, and he can hear even in the voluminous notes of a wet bass drum ravishing strains that are lost to human ears. Hence the name of "New Harmony." The "New Harmony" Angoras are the nicest, cleanest pets in the world, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and were it not for their exaggerated love of music, which they gratify from within if the means from without fails to pan up, the kind would speedily become universally adopted as a society pet.

New Face Veils.

Many of the new face veils are vandyked at the edges and there are also polka-dotted borders and some very ugly veils with huge chenille dots, known popularly as "beauty spot" veils. The finer veils figured with tiny flecks and dots, although becoming, should be examined carefully before a purchase is made of them, as most of these are composition dots which come off on the face with the slightest moisture.

A woman who had evidently been doing a day's shopping boarded a North River steamer the other day, looking as though her face had been tattooed by a somewhat absent-minded "artist" of the far East—all on account of the dots which had abandoned her veil and settled themselves here and there upon her perspiring countenance. The "beauty spot" effect in this instance was not pretty; on the contrary, it was highly ludicrous, especially so when the polka-dotted shopper produced a copy of *Puck* and began to laugh merrily to herself at the contents thereof.

No More Sleepless Nights.

Philadelphia Record's New York Letter.

A new wrinkle for drawing custom is the keeping open of dental establishments all night for the special accommodation of those who have to work all day and cannot afford to lose time by spending it in a dentist's chair. The idea is a practical success. The first week shows a patronage almost if not quite as large as during the day. Operators say they can do just as good work by the aid of the incandescent light as by the light of the sun, and that the quiet of the streets by night has a soothing effect on the nerves, which are not so sensitive to pain as when tensely strung by day and by the excitement of daylight surroundings. All-night dental parlors seem to have come in obedience to a popular demand, and it looks as if they might become as common as the all-night restaurant or as the work of building by an incandescent light.

Meaning Unchanged.

From the Yankee Blade.

She—in Shakespeare "fond" means "foolish."
He—I don't believe the meaning has changed any since his day. I used to call myself your fond lover.

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E. H. HUBBARD, Trav. Pass. Agt., Helena.

R. H. LANSLEY, Gen. Tkt. Agt., M.C.R., Helena.

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